

WINTER MONTHS.

Beloved one, did you sometimes think—
Gazing your cheerful heart beside—
While delicious wine through every chink—
Of door and window moaned and sighed—
That, after autumn's days are done,
Some frosty birds—poor, homeless things—
May strive through storm to reach the sun,
But spread too late their fragile wings?
Alas! how many, dear, must die,
Of those sad, shivering emigrants
At thought of it tears cloud your eye,
Long shall we miss their joyous chants.
Tonight you love me, and you say
That their return with spring is sure,
But not those birds who flew today?
And you—ah! will you love me still?
—Eugene H. Soman in Temple Bar.

A STRANGE TONGUE.

Professor Jonathan Dominio Adams was a very great scholar. As everybody knew who knew anything, he was considered the authority on the Greek poets and everything appertaining to the Greek language, both ancient and modern. Greek was his hobby, his pleasure, the dream of his life, the alpha and omega of his every day's existence, and to any one who would or could not converse on his favorite topic the professor was most decidedly a bore.

Dr. Adams was sufficiently a man of the world to know that he owed his being in a very great measure to a woman. He was aware also that besides the heroines who lived in his books there were women who moved in the outer world. But beyond this knowledge he knew nothing of the weaker sex, to whom Greek, in most cases, was but a word and nothing more. Therefore it was with the greatest consternation that one summer evening, as he was strolling homeward across the Green park, he caught himself thinking, not of his favorite and only topic, but of a woman, and that woman a very sweet and pretty creature of twenty-five.

Dr. Adams tried his hardest to bring his thoughts into their usual and to him proper channel, but to no avail. To his horror he found that he had even forgotten some lines of Homer, but that he could not forget a pair of bright blue eyes and the smile of rosy lips. To the credit of the profession it must be said that he gave up the struggle and for the remainder of the evening dreamed of Miss Julia Drewry, while Homer for the time being was forgotten.

Now while Professor Jonathan Adams was dreaming of Miss Julia Drewry, Miss Julia Drewry was dreaming of Professor Jonathan Adams, thinking of him and the study of Greek literature. For she also was a great scholar, having left Greece for all the honors that it was possible for the fair student to take away with her. But, although she knew everything that there was to be known about divinity, classics, mathematics, natural science, moral science, history, German, Anglo-Saxons etc., her favorite subject was Greek.

Somewhat to her father's dismay he perceived that his daughter ignored the natural pleasures of youth, while she pestered him from morning till night with dissertations on this dead language. Learned man as he was himself, and an old college friend of Dr. Adams, he would have preferred Julia to take more interest in her surroundings and mix freely with her fellow creatures, instead of secluding her pretty eyes with continuous study. But no; Miss Julia turned up her little nose at the girls she met, and at the young men, too, for up to the present she had not found one with whom she could talk upon the subjects which engrossed her mind.

Her father had one slight consolation, and that was that the girl, with all her fanatical interest in her personal appearance, dressing well, if in the Greek style. Whether she wore blue stockings he never inquired, and of course we cannot; besides, it has nothing whatever to do with the story.

It so happened that one day, while taking his morning constitutional, Mr. Drewry stumbled across Dr. Adams, or, to put it more correctly, Dr. Adams stumbled over Mr. Drewry. The worthy professor, instead of looking where he was going, was walking along with his eyes fixed on the ground in a brown study.

"Bliss my heart!" exclaimed Drewry; "why, it's Adams. How are you—how are you? What an age it is since we have met!"

"It must be ten years—ten long years; and yet it seems only yesterday," replied Adams.

"Long enough for many changes. My poor wife has been dead these ten years; but, thank God, I have a daughter to look after me. You saw her when she was fifteen. And you, are you married?"

"No, indeed," said the professor, "I am but wedded to my work."

"Ah, yes; I have seen your name mentioned now and again in connection with your Greek studies. But don't let us stand here talking; come home with me. Julia has often expressed a wish to see you again. She has questions to ask you and some theories to propound, for she also is Greek—very much so."

The two friends walked home to Mr. Drewry's humble but neat little cottage in Fulham, and from that moment—and I tell it with sorrow—Mr. Drewry had to put it up with a take a back seat. The professor found Julia charming, and Julia considered the professor delightful, while poor Mr. Drewry had to listen to endless arguments upon the eternal Greek. At first he endeavored to divert his guest and draw him out about old college days, but five minutes after Dr. Adams would turn to the daughter and take up the conversation at the point where he had been interrupted.

The next day the professor called again, and also on the next and so on, and so on until he was regarded in the light of a tame cat. Mr. Drewry took to his newspaper and his books, leaving his guest for hours with his daughter.

And what were the consequences? Why, that Professor Adams after six weeks found his eyes wandering to the fair Julia's face instead of keeping them upon the books the two were studying together. And Miss Drewry would think to herself as she waited for the professor's dinnal visit that she had at last met a man whom she would be happy to marry, despite the fact he was on the wrong side of forty and had a very bald head.

already been told, gave himself up to dreaming about Miss Julia, and the following afternoon he put two questions to her.

The first was whether she would be willing to help him with a work he proposed to bring out in twenty volumes—namely, the "Lives of the Greek Poets," with criticisms on their poems, the whole to be written in Greek. To this proposition Julia readily consented.

The second question was that as the undertaking would be a work of years, and they would have to be continually together, would she object to becoming his wife to facilitate the plan. To this Miss Drewry, after a proper amount of womanly indecision, also consented.

Mr. Drewry at first somewhat naturally objected to the marriage, but he was very soon overruled, and in two months the wedding took place. Although autumn was turned to summer the combination turned out a bright and happy one. The professor came to live at the cottage in Fulham, Mr. Drewry remaining with his daughter, and a more peaceful and contented trio never existed.

The "Lives of the Greek Poets" went on flourishingly. The first volume appeared and was received with great favor by the critics. But when the second volume was but half written a sudden interruption took place. It was a very natural one and one to be wished for—a young Master Adams made his appearance upon the scene, of course to the overthrow of his mother's work.

"For the time being only, I trust," the professor would say to himself as he laid down his pen to act the part of errand boy, for he was continually being desired to run for either the baby's bottle, or limewater, or such like infantile requisites. Then he was asked to step up stairs and see his son smile for the first time, and now and again was even required to hold him.

But after a few weeks of this unaccustomed occupation Dr. Adams became impatient for his wife to return to the study and help him to carry on the work they had commenced together. So after hinting many times that he wished for her assistance, which hinting she seemed to ignore, he decided one morning to ask her point blank to give the baby in charge of the nurse and devote a few hours to the "Lives of the Greek Poets."

With this intention he went up stairs to his wife's room, and as the door was open he heard her addressing somebody or something in a very peculiar and to him entirely new language. He paused on the landing and listened. If he had had any hair on the top of his head it would have stood on end. Could this be his classical Julia speaking this extraordinary jargon? This is part of what he heard:

"Didums then love his icie barthy-warthly? The darling icie boysey-woysey! Ago! Ago! Didums try and bite the spongy-wongey? Naughtly icie sing! Naughtly icie sing to make his back as stiff as a poker."

Dr. Adams peeped through the opening of the door and beheld his wife washing the baby. He continued to listen.

"Ago! Ago! Didums want to cry den when he's taken out of do nicey warm water. There, then, does him want to kick, kicky-wicky, kicky-wicky—nurse, where is the powder? Ah! thank you—was him being lashed, then, like a icie chicken? Oh, I could eat him up, my pretty pretty-wetty! I lub him so! Ah, poor, poor icie wee ting! Didums have the bicconga? Naughtly, naughtly hiccoughs! Shall mummy beat the horrid, nasty hiccoughs then—nurse, pass me the sugar, please. Perhaps that will do the little darling good. No sugar up here? Just ask Dr. Adams to fetch the sugar basin from the dining room cupboard."

Professor Adams beat a precipitate retreat, and on gaining the hall seized his hat and went out for a long walk. With his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and his hat placed over his eyes he gave himself up to very deep thought. But he thought not of the Greek language, but of the new tongue he had just heard. At first his face was very stern, but it gradually and gradually relaxed until it beamed forth into a very pleasant and sweet smile.

"Ah, what a fool I have been!" he exclaimed. "What a pretty picture it was to see her bending over my baby boy, and speaking a language to him that he only could understand! Greek in future shall be for me. Baby in future shall be for Julia, with just a little bit of him for me, also. Women can be and are very great, but what a little thing will upset their greatness and make them what they ought to be—sweeter and—and—well—why, women!"

The "Lives of the Greek Poets" came out, but at longer intervals than was at first intended, for Dr. Adams did all the work himself. His wife was always ready to listen to the MS. when he read it aloud to her, and the professor was glad to get any advice that she might be able and willing to give.

Mrs. Adams in future attended to the comforts of her husband, her baby and her father, and was also glad to get any advice they were willing and able to give.

Mr. Drewry was more happy than he had been for many a long day, for he could now get his daughter and son-in-law to talk on subjects other than Greek. But if he was ever at a loss for conversation, he could always resort to the new language, in which he was very proficient, and converse by the hour with his grandson to their mutual benefit and pleasure.—Edrio Vredenburg in Wit and Wisdom.

A FRONTIER FARMER'S WIFE.

Her Burdens Are Many and Her Pleasures Are Few.

The women who live in cities can form no estimate of the work done day after day by the farmer's wife on the frontier. There are no convenient laundries, bakeries or stores where she could buy the ready-made articles she is compelled to make for herself. It is unceasing work with her from early sunrise to long after the hours have grown small at night. She lights the fire for breakfast.

Nowhere is a man so completely lord and master as on the farm. His mother was a farmer's wife and lighted the fire; his wife shall do the same. While the kettle is boiling she does the milking, and cakes are not rare where a farmer's wife milks as many as eight or ten cows twice a day. The milk is carried into the cellar in great heavy pails that would try a man's strength, and she returns to the work of getting breakfast. During the progress of the meal she cannot sit back and rest, as many do, but is kept bustling in and down waiting on the

men folks and children. It is often a question to strangers who visit on the frontier if she ever gets a chance to eat at all. Then the children are to be started off to school, and though the credit of their education falls to the father it is the mother who does extra work that they may go, and who pulls them out of bed and starts them off in time every morning.

The milk is to be strained and put away, crocks scalded, butter churned, and the dishes and chamber work still wait. Dinner and supper and afternoon work take up her day. Then in their turns throughout the week there is washing, ironing, baking every other day, scrubbing, sweeping, sewing and mending. In harvest time she will have as many as fourteen to cook for and does it all alone. It is seldom that a farmer feels that he can afford to hire help in the kitchen. She has the vegetable garden to see to. To brighten the dreariness of her life she has close to the door opened front door a bed of half starved looking flowers—old fashioned coxcomb, four-o'clocks, grass pinks and a few other cheerful looking plants that will thrive under neglect. She makes everything that her family wears except hats and shoes. She has no time to think of rest or sleep.

It is in most cases her lot to welcome a new baby every other year, and the only time when help is employed to assist her is for a period of two or three weeks when the little stranger arrives. The births of the babies are about all that vary the monotony of her life. Occasionally death calls and takes from her tired arms a little life and leaves in its place an added pain in her heart. She is old and tired out at thirty.

When her daughters reach the age at which they could assist her the dreary prospect of a frontier life appalls them, and they seek employment in town. Nothing in her home is of late improvement. Her washboard is of the kind her mother used, and her churn in its heavy, clumsy build shows that it belongs to the same date. Improvement stalks all over the farm and leaves no trace in the kitchen. Her pleasures are few. The satisfaction that she is doing her best seems to be all that rewards her. She is a heroine in a calico dress, wrinkled and stoop-shouldered—a woman with a burden, who never complains. Late at night, when all the members of the family are in bed, a light will shine out across the prairie from the family living room. It is by this light the farmer's wife is doing her mending and sewing, and it will shine out long after the occasional travel that way has stopped, and no one but the one that blows it out knows at what hour the patient burden bearer's labors cease. FRANCES L. GARDNER.

A Dainty Portfolio.
A dainty portfolio is made from heavy eggshell paper, which can be purchased for about fifty cents a sheet. The pieces are all cut and then decorated with water colors in some simple design. The one here illustrated has blue forget-me-nots and star flowers delicately painted so that they can be cut out in relief at the upper edges of the pockets and the corners. A dainty blotter to be placed inside this portfolio may be made from delicately tinted blotting paper decorated in flowers or butterflies. The initials of the person for whom the portfolio is intended may be placed upon the blotter, as the monogram upon the back of the portfolio itself.

FRONT.
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BACK.
It is a positive cure for all those painful ailments of women. It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaint, including all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life. Every time it will cure.

Backache.
It has cured more cases of Leucorrhoea than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. This Bearing-down Feeling causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,
Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness, Indigestion, Headache, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Faintness,
Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, fatigue, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.
The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book called "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 60 pages of most important information, and every woman, married or single, should know about herself. Send a two-cent stamp for it. For

Kidney Complaints
and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound is unequalled.

Why, the Poor Richard, or King Solomon, or Martin Tupper who runs a column of aphorisms in his blooming paper says:

"It doesn't cost any money to wish people a merry Christmas."

Now that fellow has never lived in New York in about the social set along which we are grinding, or if he has he is wilfully suppressing the truth. You can

know as well as I do that it costs money, lots of it, to wish people a merry Christmas. Why, without a moment's reflection any of us could string out a long price list of assorted "merry Christmas" to wit:

"Wishing elevator boy at your apartment house merry Christmas, from \$2 to \$5; wishing hall boy ditto; wishing washerwoman merry Christmas, from \$1 up; wishing elevator boy at your office building ditto; wishing merry Christmas to your office boy, extra week's salary; wishing ditto to stenographer, ditto; wishing your waiter at luncheon place merry Christmas, \$1; wishing your barber the same, change out of the bill given up for Christmas shave; wishing merry Christmas to hostler who takes care of your horse, \$5; ditto to stable foreman, one box cigars, \$2.50."

"At every club we enter a Christmas list stares us in the face, and the old doorman and the call boys, the coat check boy and the clerk keep one eye on the list and the other on each entering member until he has added his autograph to the growing collection. If a fellow goes to a law school or medical school, he finds the janitor waiting in the hall on the last night before the Christmas recess with a subscription list, tacked up by the door and the gas lighter in his hand as a pointer wherewith to call attention to it. I tell you there's no way for a single man in a big city to beat this Christmas game. Talk about the tariff being a tax; it's nothing alongside of Christmas. Money talks, and it's the only kind of talk that goes in this merry Christmas business."

"Of course a fellow does get a present from a best girl or two occasionally, but he has more to make it up by return presents direct, or indirectly by flowers, theater tickets, etc. Christmas is awfully one-sided. The companies, clients and patients who employ us fellows never wish us a merry Christmas in the New York vernacular."

"No," said the man who was still staring dreamily into the fire; "the only way to get square with the game is to marry, and then your wife will buy your presents and have 'em counted to your account."

And the back log snapped out a shower of sparks in emulation of this brilliant solution of the difficulty.—New York Tribune.

The Two Headed Woman.
Millie Christine, the "two headed nightingale," "the colored wonder of the world," etc., was born near Whiteville, S. C., in the year 1851, of slave parents. She, they or it is hardly a monstrosity, but rather a phenomenon or freak of nature. She has two heads, four arms and four legs, and so an anatomical examination has proved, she has two heads, two sets of lungs and two sets of digestive organs. In fact, she is two distinct persons blended into one at the waist.

Mentally she is certainly two, being able to carry on two separate conversations on different subjects at one and the same time. She is a fine singer, one voice being a high soprano and the other a clear toned contralto. She is a highly educated woman, or women, and speaks several languages fluently, among them German, French and Spanish.

She is without doubt the greatest or one of the greatest human wonders born in this century, her physical makeup being a wonder to the scientists and a puzzle to the common people in general.—St. Louis Republic.

Hard.
She—You seem very depressed. I didn't know you cared so much for your uncle.

He—I didn't. But I was the means of keeping him in an insane asylum the last year of his life, and now that he has left me all his money I've got to prove that he was of sound mind.—Funny Folks

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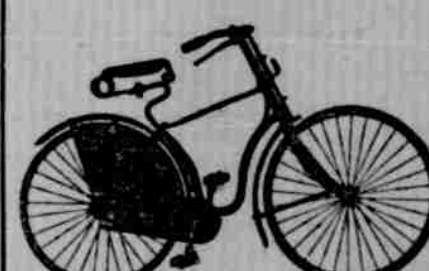
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We can sell you a good lot, 25x150 feet, adjoining the "Heights," in Charles M. Steele's first subdivision, for \$80.00. Terms only \$20.00 cash and \$60 cents a week, or \$2.00 a month thereafter until paid for. No interest. We guarantee a good profit. Write for particulars.

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